Districts. Golden Gate Valley.

SAN FRANCISCO DISTRICTS

GOLDEN GATE VALLEY

See also: Cow Hollow
Marina

Districts. Golden Gate Valley

1st inst. "Kanakas once used to wash clothes in Laguna."
S.F. Bulletin: Oct. 29, 1924, p.6.

2nd inst. "Spring Valley labelled "Cow Hollow"by Veterans.
S.F. Bulletin: Oct. 30, 1924, p.18.

3rd inst. "Old Balloon cars made harbor view a popular Resort."
S.F. Bulletin: Oct. 31, 1924, p.7.

SAN FRANCISCO TRAYS

Districts. Golden Gate Valley.

4th inst. "Passage was wonderful "Robbers' Cave."
S.F. Bulletin: Nov. 1, 1924, p.5.

5th inst. "Lotta fled stage in fear at debut."
S.F. Bulletin: Nov. 3, 1924, p.28.

6th inst. "Ships find graves off Cow Hollow shore."
S.F. Bulletin: Nov. 4, 1924, p.9.

SAN FRANCISCO TRAYS

Districts. Golden Gate Valley.

7th inst. "Harbor view once visioned as great Ferry, R.R. terminal."
S.F. Bulletin: Nov. 4, 1924, p.61

Golden Gate Valley District
Walk the whole Valley.
Chron Nov 15, 1964 P.20 see Marot Doss (Bonanza)

SAN FRANCISCO TRAYS

GOLDEN GATE VALLEY

A Journey Through Cow Hollow

Mary Duenwald
GOLDEN GATE VALLEY

Below Pacific Heights between Russian Hill and the Presidio lies Cow Hollow, a lively San Francisco neighborhood that has been the home of commercial enterprises and residents alike for more than 130 years. In the shelter of Cow Hollow a peculiar mix of business life, family life and celebration has evolved, as business opportunities, living conditions and amusements in the neighborhood have slowly, but drastically, changed.

Today the cars and crowds that continually crawl around Cow Hollow seem like an invasion of a once peaceful neighborhood. Indeed the proliferation of small businesses on and near Union Street began only 25 years ago. But Cow Hollow has never been simply residential.

Before Spanish soldiers built the Presidio in 1776, Cow Hollow was a rolling stretch of wild land, dotted by grassy meadows, natural springs, tule marshes, willow woods and sand hills, and populated by wayfaring birds, deer, elk and, on the bay shore, sea otter.

When the de Anza expedition first selected the Presidio site for the northernmost fort in Spanish Alta California territory, Cow Hollow seemed likely to become a settlement alongside the fort. Father Pedro Font, chaplain of the expedition, wrote, "...the new settlement will be able to have plentiful fuel, water and grass or pasturage for the horses nearby."

Father Font's expectations never materialized, however. Spanish and Mexican settlers ignored Cow Hollow, moving instead to the vicinity of the Mission. Meanwhile, American sailors began their settlement in the shelter of Yerba Buena Cove. It was sixty years after the Presidio was built before anyone requested a land grant east of it.

This first settler was Corporal Apolonario Miranda, who established his home and orchard near the Presidio on 100-vara lot called *Ojo de Figueroa*. Miranda and his wife Juana lived there alone until sometime before 1845, when Benito Diaz acquired the entire Cow Hollow area from the Mexican government.

A year later, with American occupation of the peninsula impending, Diaz sold his *Rancho Punto de Lobos* for $1000 in silver to Thomas O. Larkin, a speculator who made elaborate plans to divide the land into tracts suitable for a town.

Had Larkin's plans not fallen through, Cow Hollow might have become the center of settlement in San Francisco. But after American occupation in 1846, settlers began claiming land under the U.S. Preemption Act, and their claims were later confirmed by the U.S. land claims commission. Larkin's deed was declared invalid in 1855.

The Gold Rush settlement firmly established San Francisco's center in Yerba Buena Cove, and the Cow Hollow area was left to unspecific development by individual settlers.

Cow Hollow was known as Spring Valley by early San Franciscans for the freshwater springs below Pacific Heights. The springs emptied into a large lagoon on the eastern side of Spring Valley (bounded by present-day Franklin, Octavia, Filbert and Lombard Streets). The valley was also known to some as "Robbers Row," because travelers on the old Presidio Toll Road (which anticipated the course of Union Street) were often held up along the way.

Washerwoman's Lagoon, as it was known, was a favorite laundry spot for early settlers. Domestic servants from Pacific Heights and San Francisco housewives using the Presidio Road made weekly picnic trips to the lagoon. The women would stand waist deep in the water and fling their clean clothes onto runways built into the lake, while their children swam and ran along the shore.

The first San Francisco settlers in Spring Valley clustered around Washerwoman's Lagoon in the 1850s, and soon the neighborhood was dotted with small vegetable gardens and their attendant windmills. Farming was the economic foundation of Cow Hollow until 1861, when William Hatman became the first dairy farmer. Within ten years more than thirty dairies sprang into operation, each with 60 to 200 cows. The cows lived in Cow Hollow

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for 30 years and made a large and noisy impression. Besides the dairy herds, hundreds of cattle were driven through eastern Cow Hollow to the slaughterhouses on Sparks Street (now Polk). One hundred years after the last cow lived in the neighborhood, their memory lives on in its name.

New businesses opening on Presidio Road and near the bay to the north attracted more residents to Cow Hollow. Chinese laundries on Washerwoman's Lagoon and vegetable gardens at the foot of Pacific Heights thrived as settlements were established. Saloons and blacksmith shops opened along the road, and larger businesses, like the Sutter Street Railway Car Factory, the Wunder Brewery, the Belfast Ginger Ale Bottling Works, Cook's Tannery and the Fulton Iron Works Shipyard opened in Cow Hollow.

As their parents labored, the children in Cow Hollow swam in the lagoon, fished the tide flats of the bay and hunted ducks in the marshes behind the sanddunes that stood north of the lagoon.

In the evenings, politically minded Cow Hollow residents attended meetings at Pixley Hall on Pacific and Polk Streets. It was there that George Walker renamed Spring Valley by proclaiming, "I represent my home district, Cow Hollow."

The neighborhood was popular in the 1800s. Frank Pixley, editor of the *Argonaut*, built an elaborate if not gaudy, house at Union and Pierce Streets. Henry Casebolt built a mansion at the foot of Pacific Heights near his carriage factory in the 1860s. Mayor Ephraim Burr put his home at Filbert and Van Ness and William McElray built his famous Octagon House in 1861. Dairy rancher James Cudworth erected three Victorians on Union Street in the 1870s, two of which were identical, side-by-side wedding presents for his daughters.

Emperor Norton lived in Cow Hollow. And Lotta Crabtree was there in her girlhood. She made her first public performance at the old Spring Valley School (now Sherman School), where she sang halfway through "Annie Laurie" before bursting into tears and running from the stage.

In 1862 Rudolf Herman founded Harbor View Park (at the site of the Yacht Harbor), and it soon became a holiday spot for the entire city. San Franciscans could take a horse or cable car to Steiner, and then a steam car out to Harbor View. There they listened to brass bands in the pavilions, danced and picnicked on the lawns, bathed in hot saltwater, played in shooting galleries, and fed themselves on corned beef and cabbage, cracked crab and steam beer.

(Opposite page) The Fillmore Hill counter balance electric street car or "Kilamanjaros" trolley served the Cow Hollow area until 1941. The Kilamanjaros trolley consisted of two streetcars attached to one cable. The descending car, guided by synchronized bell signals, pulled the ascending car up the hill. (Upper right) This photo of the counter balance streetcar was taken at the corner of Fillmore and Union Streets in 1912. The counter balance streetcar connected with San Francisco's third cable car line which ran down Union Street. (Lower left) The Kilamanjaros is gone, replaced by the Muni electric buses at the corner of Fillmore and Union Streets today.

Settlement of Cow Hollow progressed so rapidly in the middle 1800s that the neighborhood became dangerously polluted. Laundry soap, tannery wastes and an open sewer running along Franklin Street emptied into the lagoon. And when its natural outlet was cut off by shifting sands, it became a stagnant pool.

Overpopulated cattle contacted tuberculosis from feeding on brewery wastes and drinking water infected with typhoid bacteria. The San Francisco health officer warned about operating dairies under such conditions: "If one were to start out and search California from end to end, they could hardly find a more unsuitable place in which to keep cows than Cow Hollow."

At the end of the century Cow Hollow was cleaned up. In 1891 all livestock were ordered out of the area. The city began maintaining Presidio Road and building other streets: Prison laborers filled in the lagoon. The sand hills in the east were cut and used to fill the tidelands in the north. And a steady growth of houses filled out the neighborhood.

The new sandfill provided the turf for the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition in Cow Hollow's northwest corner. For a year people from everywhere rode double-decker buses through Cow Hollow to see the attractions at the fair: reproductions of the Panama Canal and the Grand Canyon, Mexican Village, Toyland, and the high-flying aeroscope.

1980 Union Street today. One of the twin Victorian wedding present houses given by James Cudworth to his daughters now houses a colorful cluster of shops. The renovation work on this Victorian, as well as many others along Union Street and throughout Cow Hollow, is appreciated by visitors and residents alike. Photo courtesy of Terry Pimsleur & Company.

photo by Joel Pimsleur

The corner of Lombard and Scott Streets in 1915. This is February 20, the Opening Day of the Panama Pacific Exposition—a gala time for the Cow Hollow residents.

Almost as memorable for Cow Hollow dwellers was the 1914 Union Street carnival, a week-long open-air celebration with dancing, concessions and games of chance.

In the years following the Exposition, Cow Hollow was relatively quiet. There was no heavy industry or large business, and residential development progressed steadily. Small businesses began to dominate commerce, although not in such abundance as today. There was Mr. Kane's horseshoe shop, the Sierra and Oracle Glassworks, the Alcatraz and Centennial Stables, and Celli's blacksmith shop. Entner's Grocery offered homemade donuts for 10 cents a dozen, and the Driscoll and O'Conner Saloons tapped the ever-flowing steam beer.

Outdoors, Cow Hollow was traversed by street merchants and artists: organ grinders with monkeys, the hokey-pokey man, German traveling bands, and gypsy fortune tellers.

San Francisco's third cable car line ran down Union Street. And on Fillmore a special "Kilamanjaros" trolley—two cars attached to a single cable—ascended Pacific Heights. Guided by accurately synchroniz-

photo by Greg Gaar

A Cow Hollow view today, looking down Union Street from Pacific Heights up to Russian Hill. The Metro is still a welcome sight and many of the older Victorians house the boutiques and restaurants that have moved into the area. This is a great change from the small community that surrounded Washerwoman's Lagoon in the 1850's.

dimestores on Union. It was different from the disco and bar scene of today."

Over the last 25 years permanent businesses on Union Street like the Metro Theater, Isi Pharmacy, Union Hardware and the One-Stop Launderette have witnessed the development of a unique shopping center in their midst.

Old houses and storefronts were carefully renovated to accommodate small-scale merchants. The old twin Victorian wedding present houses at 1980 Union became a colorful cluster of shops, and other old buildings were soon likewise converted.

The Union Street marketplace suffered growing pains in the 1960s when a stream of unsuccessful boutiques, leather stores and candle shops moved in and out in rapid succession. The 1970s brought higher rents to the area, however, and transient businesses were supplanted by more lasting and solvent enterprises.

Today the shoppers on Union Street are attracted by the leisure-chic commodities, antiques, jewelry, lotions, quilts and needlepoint that are displayed in the windows of their respective specialty shops. The Union Street Association, an organization of merchants working to promote Cow Hollow and preserve its historic and small-size quality, counts 300 boutiques, galleries, gift shops, restaurants,

ed bell signals, the descending car pulled the ascending car up the hill.

Drucilla Ashley and Claire Thompson became the first women to own antique shops on Union Street 50 years ago, forerunning the flood of small, whimsical shops that dominate Cow Hollow commerce today.

They enjoyed a relatively peaceful Union Street until the 1950s, when a flurry of boutiques, art galleries and assorted specialty stores began moving into vacant storefronts beside long-standing neighborhood hardware stores, bakeries, laundries, five-and-ten stores and cafes.

Helvi and George Wamsley opened a print shop on Webster Street where they published the "Territorial News," a shoppers' and merchants' paper that spurred interest in the historic quality of Cow Hollow.

Laura Wamsley, their daughter, remembers spending her girlhood in the neighborhood. "There was so much for kids to do: We skateboarded Fillmore hill, raided lemon trees, jumped over fences, and found secret passageways leading from alleys to the streets. Boys climbed on rooftops and looked into chimneys.

"There was an ice cream store on Lombard, Herbert Sherbert's, and a couple of

Cow Hollow changed its name in 1861 when William Hotman became the first dairy farmer. This photo is Cow Hollow in the 1870's. The dirt path appears to be Union Street.

saloons, antique stores and gourmet markets now established. Together these businesspeople have organized the Union Street Spring Festival Arts and Crafts Fairs each spring for the last five years. (This year's fair is scheduled for May 31 and June 1.)

Neighborhood life has survived the invasion of commerce in Cow Hollow. Jim's Place, the popular hamburger cafe of the 1940s and 1950s that attracted noontime regulars from all over the city, is gone. But in its place is Doidge's Cafe, a pleasant little luncheon spot on Union between Fillmore and Steiner.

Stately residences still line the western streets in Cow Hollow, and hundreds of residents populate the apartments and flats between Broadway and Lombard.

Many of the oldest buildings in Cow Hollow are standing today. The Octagon House on Gough Street is open to the public on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. It stands across the street from its original location, just below the fenced-in Albyne Park at Gough and Green Streets.

The Vedanta Temple at Filbert and Webster has supported its internationally assorted towers since 1905, when it was constructed as a symbol of the Vedanta belief that all religions are true and effective paths to one god.

At Union and Steiner stands the Episcopal Church of Saint Mary the Virgin, built in 1891 on land given by Frank Pixley, the nineteenth century *Argonaut* editor. From the lynch gate on Union Street, passers-by can see the natural spring fountain that runs into the frescoed courtyard.

Less famous but equally fascinating structures abound in Cow Hollow, and the neighborhood is continually enlivened by residents and visitors walking around seeking them out. The main attraction in Cow Hollow is Union Street, but the entire neighborhood is historic.

Mary Duenwald is a freelance writer and contributor to PACIFIC. *Her work has also appeared in the* Nutritional Academy Journal, Eugene Magazine *and* Mother Earth News.

PACIFIC

(Center) The cable car line which shared the street with the autos and served the quiet community of Cow Hollow in the early 1900's. (Lower left) Photo circa 1912—the future fairgrounds for the Panama Pacific Exposition. Van Ness Avenue cuts through the center of the photo. (Lower right) Dotted with inviting marquees, the combination of old and new architecture add to the flavor of historic Cow Hollow.

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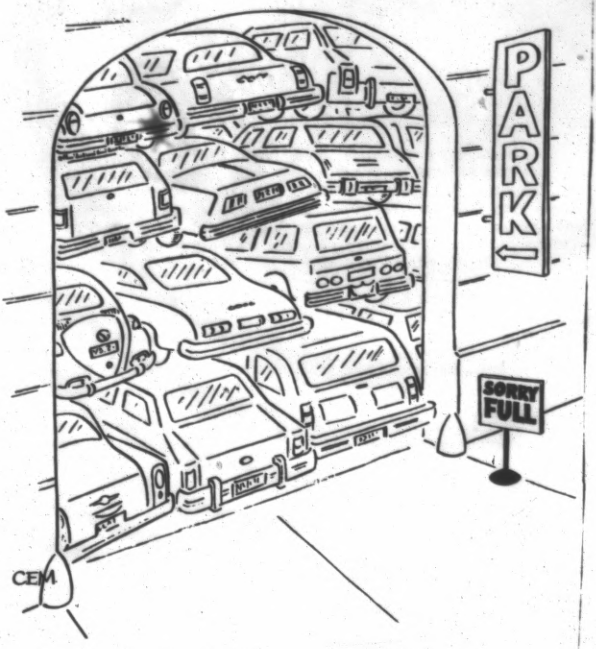
PARK
SORRY
FULL
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GOLDEN GATE VALLEY

NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED

Statement of neighborhood problem

Within a four block section of Union Street (Fillmore to Octavia) there are 23 restaurants and 11 bars. The combined seating available in those establishments is 2521. If all of those seats are occupied, the available public garage spaces (214) would have to admit cars each carrying 11.78 people in order for this neighborhood to accommodate the traffic comfortably. Three nights a week everyone of those 2521 seats is filled and there is an estimated 2 to 3 times as many people standing.

If the Metro Theater is having a feature that draws a full house, it adds 1900 seats (950 at 2 showings) to the total, requiring each of those legally parked cars to carry 20.65 persons.

If the estimated people standing in the bars and restaurants are included, the cars would have to carry 44.21 persons each.

The usual occupancy of the automobiles arriving nightly is 2 people. A generous estimate of 6 to a car would put 1577 cars vying for a parking space in this four block area; 214 in the available garage spaces and 1363 out in the neighborhood looking for a place to park.

77% of this congestion goes on until 2am and the statistics here do not include the 6 bars and 8 restaurants just around the corner on Fillmore Street.

Post Office Box 9086, Presidio Station, San Francisco, California 94129

PROPOSED UNION STREET SPECIAL DISTRICT

It is proposed that the Pacific Heights Association, the Cow Hollow Improvement Association, the Golden Gate Valley Neighborhood Association, the Union Street Association, Inc. and the Pacific Heights Neighborhood Council join together in a request to the Planning Commission and the Board of Supervisors that a Union Street Special District be created.

The first purpose of the Special District is to declare an immediate moratorium on the further development of bars and restaurants in the area. The present bars and restaurants have transferred a useful neighborhood shopping center into an uncontrolled regional eating and drinking center with the attendant displacement of hard and soft goods retail establishments. This has seriously dislocated the services and functions of Union Street and affects the adjacent residential areas adversely causing a radical decline in living amenities. Now, evidence is clearly available confirming a rental price displacement of hard and soft goods uses by restaurants and bars. Recently, attempts have been made to establish nightclubs. The impact of this recent growth on the residents of the area has been sharp and unpleasant for a number of specific reasons which can be mitigated without freezing desired commercial development by creating a special Union Street District that would require the following:

Off-Street Parking:

By exempting retail establishments of 5,000 square feet or less from normal parking requirements, it seems likely that the Planning Commission used as its frame of reference national parking standards for dry goods retail outlets of 4 to 5 vehicle spaces per 1,000 square feet of selling area. In such an event, on-street spaces might, with some discomfort and inconvenience to residents, suffice. With the change in use from retail use to bars and restaurants, however, parking demand tripled. That such an increase was bound to occur can be seen simply by comparing the National Academy of Science's parking standards for bar-restaurants uses of 7 to 15 spaces per 1,000 square feet of area with the 4 to 5 spaces they say are required for conventional retail activities. Thus, every conversion of an antique store or clothing shop to a bar or restaurant doubles or triples parking demand. A Golden Gate Valley Neighborhood survey counted at least 5,000 seats in bars and restaurants in this area (if one includes two neighborhood theaters, the total is 6,000).

Already established bars and restaurances along Union Street now create an almost unpoliceable congestions that induces the most blatant violations of the existing parking and traffic regulations. Retroactive parking requirements can probable not be established. Therefore, it is incumbent upon the municipality to take vigorous, immediate steps to provide off-street parking spaces in parking structures in order to relieve this unbearable congestion. Not only should the spaces take into consideration commercial users but also the illegal parking caused to adjacent residential streets and properties.

REQUIREMENT: Undertake provision of off-street parking spaces through the construction of one or more public parking structures in Commercial Zoning to correct parking balance.

Please turn over.

Noise Abatement

Bars and restaurants create noise (particularly from the kitchen end which usually opens into the interior of blocks, half or more of which are surrounded by the back bedrooms of residential buildings). Late hour operation of these establishments means bright lights and sharp, abrupt noises (dumping cartons of bottles into scavengers' bins) and disturbing to peace and sleep. Restaurants also create odors and yet more noise from kitchen vents. It is technically and economically quite feasible to furnish and operate a restaurant in such a way that no discernible noise from the operation at the property line exceeds background ambient sounds.

REQUIREMENT: Prohibit any new commercial establishments from creating any discernible noise above the ambient level at 10:00 a.m. beyond their own property line.

Noise created by the storage or collection of debris or rubbish shall in no event be created between the hours of 10:00 p.m. and 8:00 a.m.

Commercial establishments in full legal operation at the time this ordinance becomes law shall have one year from the effective date of said ordinance to comply with all provisions and requirements set forth herein.

Odor Abatement

As restaurants have proliferated, so have their kitchen vents and odors emanating therefrom. Again, modern technology with filters and scrubbers can eliminate these odors.

REQUIREMENT: All restaurants to install fume and odor traps.

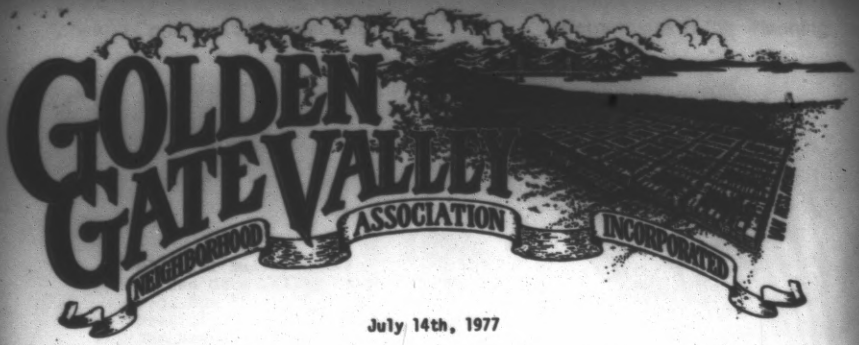
Outdoor Activities

Almost every commercial activity along Union and Fillmore Streets intrudes into a block which is partially residential. There has been an increasing trend to establish food operations and food service activites in the interior of some of these partially residential blocks. Notwithstanding the attractiveness of this concept, it can only be accomplished at the expense of the peace and quiet of adjacent residents.

REQUIREMENT: Prohibit any outdoor activites of any kind in blocks where 10% or more of the structures are used as dwelling units.

Zoning for Special District

The permanent zoning for the Union Street Special District shall be equivalent to the R3-C zoning and shall be by conditional use.



July 14th, 1977

Mr. Mark Winogrond
Department of City Planning
City and County of San Francisco
100 Larkin Street
San Francisco, California 94102

Dear Mr. Winogrond:

As we discussed today on the phone, the five community associations in this area have joined together to perpetuate the unique character of Union Street by proposing that this now very successful shopping and entertainment region be made a Special District following the guidelines of R3-C zoning.

Many of our associates, however, who have a vested interest in the commercial activity along Union Street are understandably reluctant to endorse any change in zoning without an accurate idea of what the new guidelines entail. We would like therefore to ascertain the exact meaning of the zoning reference R3-C (and it's referenced C-1 zoning).

Further, we would like to know:

1. If any present commercial use that might be prohibited under the R3-C would be allowed to continue. Would such a use have an expiration date? Could it be transfered to a new owner?

2. Does the definition of "light manufacturing" and its restriction under R3-C zoning disallow such operations as an art framing shop that cuts and assembles frames or a meat store that slices meat?

Thanking you for your cooperation and looking foward to your response, we remain

Sincerely,

GOLDEN GATE VALLEY NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION

Paul C. Bailey-Gates
Secretary

Post Office Box 9086, Presidio Station, San Francisco, California 94129

July 29, 1977

Mr. Paul Bailey-Gates
Golden Gate Valley Neighborhood Assn.
P.O. Box 9086
Presidio Station
San Francisco, Ca., 94129

Dear Mr. Bailey-Gates,

Thank you for your letter of July 14, 1977. In response to your questions;

1) Existing commercial uses which would not be permitted anew in R-3-C zoning districts would be allowed to remain without termination dates; and

2) R-3-C allows only those commercial activities permitted in a C-1 zoning district (section 209 (b)1 of the City Planning Code); an art framing shop or a meat store specializing in catering services are first permitted in a C-2 zoning district (section 222). A neighborhood-serving use such as a local meat cutter is first permitted in C-1 district (section 218).

I hope this answers your questions. It is encouraging to see various neighborhood groups working out their differences together. If we may be of further assistance, please contact Mr. Mark Winogrond at 558-3055.

Sincerely,

R. Spencer Steele
Zoning Administrator

SAN FRANCISCO AT YOUR FEET

WALK THE WHOLE VALLEY

GOLDEN GATE VALLEY, a name little heard in our time, lies between Russian Hill, the Presidio, Pacific Heights and the Bay. If you thought it was Cow Hollow, Old Hollow and the Marina in the shallowest slope of land, you are only partly right, for these are neighborhoods within Golden Gate Valley.

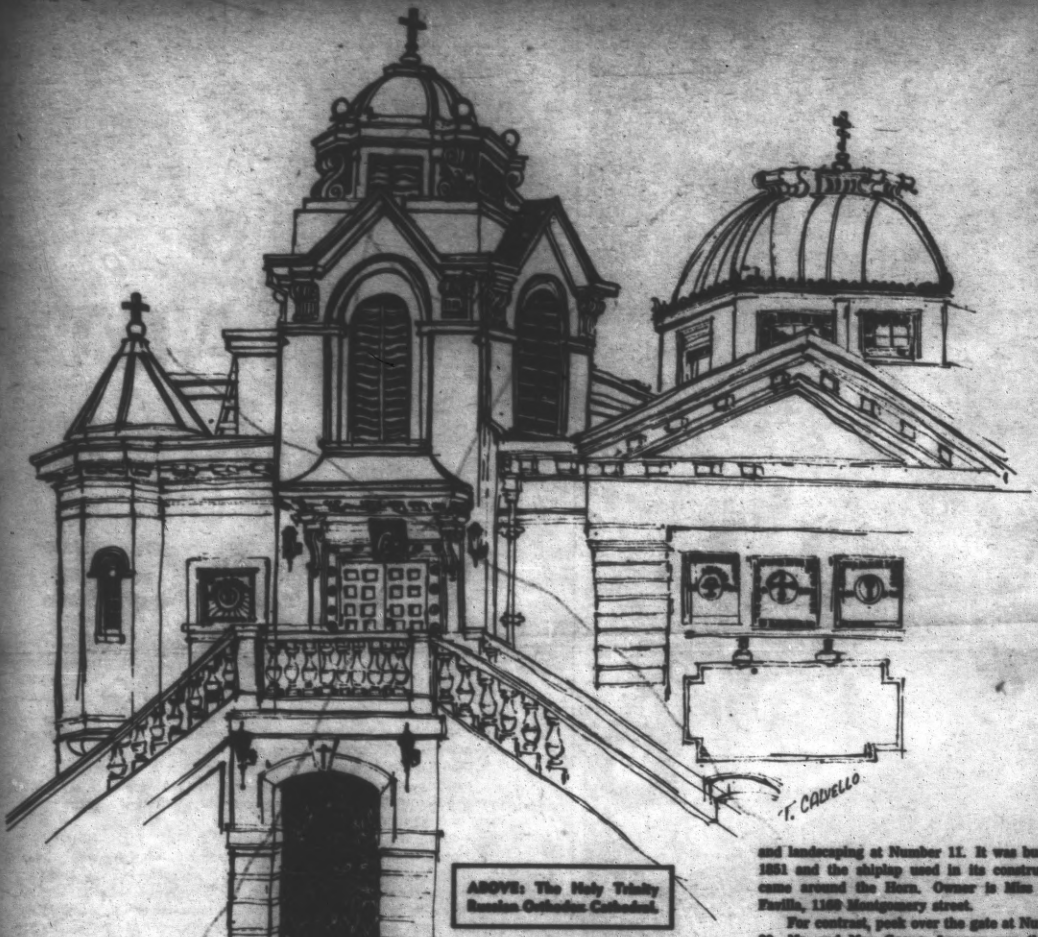
The name was bestowed logically enough on the valley beside the Golden Gate long ago when it was a patchwork of nurseries, fields and market gardens surrounding Washerwoman's Bay, as its later residents called the lagoon on whose shores Juan Bautista de Anza and his exploring party camped on the night of Thursday, March 28, 1776.

Subterranean water is all that is left of the fresh pond named Laguna Pequena. Of Golden Gate Valley, there are many early vestiges. The walker who seeks them out will find the present leads into several pleasant corners of the City.

Begin this walk at Van Ness avenue and Green street. The Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox Cathedral, built in 1909, is the church on the northwest corner. Architect John Woodbridge has described it as "remarkable for being completely both Russian Orthodox and early 20th Century American." Its trees and fresh blue and white paint make it one of the most welcome contrasts along Van Ness. Gleb Ilyin is the artist of its murals.

Walk west one block to find Sherman School sitting on the former location of Laguna Pequena. One more block will bring you to Gough street. The beautifully tree-shaded property on the northwest corner was long the home of the late Allyne sisters, Lucy and Hilda, octogenarians who gave the corner at Gough and Union to the National Society of Colonial

San Francisco Sunday Chronicle



ABOVE: The Holy Trinity Russian Orthodox Cathedral.

Dames on which to situate their unusual Octagon House. Civic-minded citizens have been working toward converting this last rare patch of green into a small public park, with benches for oldsters and a sandbox for tots.

Octagon House, which once stood across the street, was given to the Colonial Dames by the FG & E, on whose property it had been. Originally built in 1857, it was remodeled by architect Warren Perry in 1860 and is open to the public for a modest fee twice a month. A unique toy, a cut-out scale model of the building for children to construct, is one of the society's imaginative fund-raisers.

Both Octagon House and the Allyne house had looked upon the once sparkling waters of Washerwoman's Bay. To see a house even older, and believed by the California Historical Society to be the oldest dwelling house standing in San Francisco, walk north to Union street (foregoing the blandishments of its many delightful boutiques for the moment) then east again to Franklin. At Franklin, go two and one-half blocks north, almost to Lombard, to Blackstone Alley. The Western Nursery, established in 1850 by Charles Abraham, for whom the flowering apricot is named, once occupied most of the square block in which Blackstone Alley angles. Ristoro Lombard motel, scene of the brutal murder last July of its owner Leonard Overton, stands at the corner. Walk behind it to find Blackstone. The oldest house, originally a cottage that was lifted up to make its present two stories, is the building sadly in need of paint and landscaping at Number 11. It was built in 1851 and the shiplap used in its construction came around the Horn. Owner is Miss Cora Parilla, 1169 Montgomery street.

For contrast, peek over the gate at Number 30. Mr. and Mrs. George Lawson own the attractive enclave of small houses here. Mrs. Lawson, the former Lillian Hockinger, a grandniece of nurseryman Abraham, grew up here and can remember when the Allyne sisters came to buy mushrooms at the nursery from her mother. "They would pick over each one to be sure none had been nibbled by snails," she recalls.

A water tower tank and windmill, five glass houses and a tall glass palm conservatory once stood on the property. The water was so precious during the hectic days after the Fire of '06, her aunt, Mrs. Charlotte Gooch, recalls "that I ladled it out to people waiting in lines for three days. Then four guards from the Presidio were assigned to distribute it."

The cypress tree by the gate was there when Washerwoman's Bay touched the end of the property at Greenwich near Gough.

Margot Patterson Doss

Walk Where the Horse Cars Went

From page 25

To the dismay of the neighborhood, boxy new apartments have recently been built on sites that formerly had lots of open space, gardens and car-houses. Mrs. Mattie Swenke, now of Number 1449, lived in one for many years.

The brown-shingled home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Henn, Number 1468, was never a car house, but it had its own water supply and the tank house, still usable, is tucked behind the house. "We used it for our household until just last year," Mrs. Henn says. "And I understand there are two other wells in the neighborhood that are still in use."

"There were as many as thirty car houses between Lincoln Way and Noriega street when we came to the neighborhood," Mrs. Olaf Rusch, of 1494 Forty-seventh recalls. "One over on La Playa Road had a flagpole," her husband says. "And one day when I went to the post office, he was flying a most unusual ornament. Run up the mast, like a flag, was a white porcelain chamber pot."

The walker may not see this kind of eccentricity as he strolls the neighborhood, but there are odd cottages, stately homes, seaside resort style buildings, and more adapted cars to discover. When the game of archeological detecting palls, the beach itself is still there to stroll, and the Murphy Windmill stands nearby in the southwest corner of Golden Gate Park.

Margot Patterson Doss

Distance: The area between Lincoln Way, Noriega, 47th and the beach.
Time: Allow a couple of hours and include the Murphy Windmill.
Clothes: Casual and warm.
Parking: Good.
Public Transportation: N Car on Judah.

Photos by Ruth Teiser and Catherine Harroun.

O'BRIEN,ROBERT. THIS IS SAN FRANCISCO. (917.9461 OBR)

and sailboats that ride at their moorings in Yacht Harbor, then on the Bay and the northern shores of the Bay and then, if the day is clear, to the low, blue outlines of the Mayacmas Mountains, up St. Helena way.

The lagoon was below the heights, where the Marina is now, and in the Fifties and later when the boys in Union blue were tenting those nights on the camp grounds of the Presidio, it was called Washerwoman's Lagoon.

From the first days of the Gold Rush, there was a laundry situation in San Francisco. You couldn't get anybody to do your washing, and even if you could have, the charge would undoubtedly have been four or five times the worth of the garments. Consequently, you sent them to Hawaii to be washed, sometimes even to China.

Although it was beyond Russian Hill and out by the Presidio and almost three miles from the plaza, several enterprising Chinese finally decided to establish a laundry beside the lagoon. Then a man named Pratt started another one, a big one that eventually became the Occidental Laundry. And thrifty San Francisco housewives began to go to the lagoon to wash their clothes by hand. They would make a Sunday outing of it, taking their families and their picnic lunches and, in wheelbarrows and dump carts, their washing. After scrubbing and rinsing it down by the shore, they would hang it on the chaparral to dry, and then that night would take it home and iron it. And so the lake became known as Washerwoman's Lagoon.

About the time the Chinese began their laundry, George William Hatman and his wife came around the Horn to San Francisco. Hatman got a job driving a white mule in a brickyard, and for a week's wages he received an octagonal gold piece worth $50. One day Mrs. Hatman asked him to bring home some potatoes. They were so expensive, he easily carried home all he could buy for $2.50 in his coat pocket. Not long after that, a few hundred yards south of the lagoon, Hatman went into the truck-farming business. In 1861, he bought a couple of acres along the present line of Union Street for $500. On this land he built a house and started a dairy ranch. His boy Bill was born in that house in 1868. A few years ago, Bill was still living in Union Street and was greeted by friends all over the city as "the King of Cow Hollow."

Hatman's dairy was one of the first on the grazing lands near the

lagoon, and by the early Seventies there were at least thirty of them between the western slope of Russian Hill and the Presidio. His ranch, with about sixty cows, was the average size, although there were some that had as many as two hundred. San Franciscans called that district Cow Hollow, a name that persisted long after the lagoon had been filled in and long after the Eighties, when the San Francisco Board of Health ordered the dairies to other, less populated sections of the city. Once in a while you still hear the name, and when you do, you're listening to a San Franciscan who's an old-timer, and damned proud of it.

"The King of Cow Hollow" said that one of the best things about it in those days used to be Harbor View. The Union Street cable cars, he said, started at Montgomery Street and Montgomery Avenue (now Columbus Avenue) and ran out Montgomery Avenue to Union Street, and out Union to Steiner. From there, a steam paddy took you to where Yacht Harbor is now, and you were at Harbor View.

There were two places at Harbor View: the Seaside Gardens and Herman's Harbor View Park. And on Sundays, brass bands would board special cable cars at the beginning of the line and play all the way out to the View. Later in the day, at the pavilions, they would play for dancing, the music drifting out over the water. It was like Meiggs' Wharf had been earlier; you went there with the wife and kids for a Sunday picnic, and while the young folks were dancing in the pavilion, you took a hot saltwater bath at Herman's, or spent your money in the shooting galleries, or ate cracked crab and drank steam beer. It was a place like that until they took over most of that waterfront for the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Cow Hollow had its share of celebrities. Emperor Norton, it is said, lived there at one time. Lotta Crabtree went to primary school in Cow Hollow, and it was the destination of Frank Pixley, the *Argonaut* editor, when he guided his mule team homeward nights over the Pacific Street planks on Russian Hill. Abe Ruef, the politician, who was later to be indicted on one hundred twenty-nine counts of civic graft and sent to San Quentin, lived there. The late Pete McDonough, the celebrated bailbond broker, was a Cow Hollow boy, and it was the home district of the late Mayor Angelo J. Rossi.

Also, there were the ballplayers. It was in the late Seventies that a

Mr. Long organized the Young Presidios, who used to play on the sand lots where the Army's Letterman General Hospital stands now, proudly sporting the first uniforms ever worn by a San Francisco amateur baseball team. Old Cow Hollow residents still remember and revere their names: Bob Romer, Joe McCarthy, Jack Welch, Charlie Long, Jimmy Costello, Ed Long, Tom Taylor and Buck Lange, who as "Little Eva" Lange went on to the big leagues to play for the Chicago Cubs. Another to learn the game on these sand lots was the colorful Ping Bodie, the "Cow Hollow Kid," who went on to the San Francisco Seals, and later to the New York Yankees.

The life of the district had a rough vitality, and it was a world away from the crystal-chandeliered Palace Bar, the stock exchanges, and the carriage-and-champagne society that lived on the other side of Russian Hill. There were slaughterhouses down by the Bay shore, near Harbor View. There were two gashouses, and one of them, Cow Hollow boasted, was the finest gashouse of its kind in the world.

The gashouse terriers had a saloon they were fond of, at the foot of Fillmore Street, a few blocks from Union. It was Andy McLane's Crab House, and they'd go there after work for their tall steams. McLane was a whisky man, himself. That's where his profits went, and it was a Cow Hollow saying that Andy was drunk half the time and the other half he wasn't sober. When he wanted to go any place he couldn't reach by a short stagger, he'd clamber aboard his trained pony, Billy, and Billy would see that he got there. "Left, Billy," McLane would say, and Billy would dutifully turn left. "Right, Billy," he would say, and Billy would turn right. When he reached his destination, he said, "Stop, Billy," and Billy stopped, and he fell off, and there he was.

One-armed Harry Conamar was another Cow Hollow character. Near Harbor View were the Fulton Iron Works, and Harry was working there on the ship *Progresso* when she blew up. That was when he lost his arm. But he still had a wife and kids to support, so he practiced rolling dice. For months he practiced, and subsequently he was regarded as the greatest crapshooter on the Coast. Name your point, and nine times out of ten, they say, Harry could roll it—with your dice. He didn't starve, and neither did his family.

Lucky Baldwin had a house in the western end of the Hollow, not far

Hubbard, Anita Day. "CITIES WITHIN THE CITY"
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executive committee is made up of Charles Stockwitz, A. H. Reinert, H. H. Walley, Chester Williamson, J. Raymond Smith and Clarence A. Son.

It well might be said that the birthday of Fillmore street occured on the morning of April 18, 1906, and surely no street ever had a more eventful initiation into the busy world. The district in reality, in its present form at least, is a mere 18 years old and has promise of growing from lusty adolescence into mature dignity.

MANY BANKS ALONG STREET

I'd like to keep roaming along Fillmore street and the surrounding country, telling some of the thousand and one little romantic details that abound in its history, but the Spring Valley, and washerwoman's Bay, and Cow Hollow are names that intrigue me, and over the brow of the Fillmore hill we must go tomorrow to consider those very interesting spots with the romantic and captivating names. Will you come along?

October 29, 1924.

SPRING VALLEY

SPRING VALLEY HAS LURE ALL ITS OWN

Gus Harper sets the boundaries of Spring Valley at Broadway on the south, the Presidio on the west, San Francisco bay on the north and Van Ness or Polk on the east. In that magic country lay a thousand delights in the old days of the city. The springs that gave the valley its name welled pure and sweet in every direction. In the middle of the valley lay the Laguna, as the maps have it, and Washerwoman's bay in popular parlance. This was a real lake, deep in the center and apparently fed from an inexhaustible spring of sweet water. Even

in the fifties it was a sort of center of population, and besides the washing that made use of the water, dairies and vegetable gardens and other interests took advantage of the lake and the charming willow woods that surrounded it.

KANAKAS USED TO WASH CLOTHES

The "washerwomen" were not women at all, but Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, some of them deserted sailors, some of them erstwhile domestics in the employ of early-day settlers. They built runways into the water of the lake and tables at the end of the ways. Then they stood waist deep in the water and flung the clothes that they washed about with much gusto and more or less benefit to the clothing. In the census of 1842 many of the natives of the South Seas appear, always with a Spanish name, and the word Canaca (spelled with the Spanish "c") as surname.

Washerwoman's bay predated the pioneers apparently. A. J. Easton had a steam laundry on the lake by 1854 and was charged among his other customers with the laundry of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The soapy water did much to cloud the clear water of the lagoon, and Cook's tannery, which was soon built, emptied the brown tanbark into the water..

LAKE FILLED IN ABOUT 1862.

After the end of the '60s there was talk of filling it up permanently, and before that a sewer had been run out Lombard to drain it. The natural outlet, a large creek that emptied into the salt water sloughs beyond the sand dunes, had been closed off by the drifting of the sand. The boundaries of the lake were Lombard on the north, Filbert on the south somewhere between Gough and Franklin on the east, and Octavia on the west.

The lake was filled in about 1862 by labor furnished by the Sheriff, who recruited his men

from the prisoners at the branch county jail at Stockton and Francisco streets. He marched them over the sand dunes and on such roads as were available, linked together by a long chain strung through their hand-cuffs. Sometimes there would be as many as 40 or 50 men parading in the early morning in melancholy state.

USED BALL AND CHAIN ON MEN

When they reached the scene of the filling-in operations each man was fitted with an ankle band, with a heavy ball at the end of a chain riveted to it. They would fill the wheelbarrows with sand and then put the ball on top and trundle the double burden to the dump. Possibly some of the small boys that viewed the performance were thereby directed into a future life of righteousness. I have heard echoes, though, of momentous flights, wherein groups of small boys, fleeing a wrothy policeman, would dodge in and out of manholes and eventually lose themselves and the policeman in the intricacies of the "creeks" that preceded the filled-in flats at the beach front. I'm sure neither Gus Harper nor Luke Fay had anything to do with such matters, but I must say that they both seemed to know a good deal about the method of the race.

When the laguna was in its heyday, the Willows, a little resort that was the rendezvous for the French colony in the city, was at the south end of the lake. L'Ami was the proprietor and the place was a pleasant little garden with picnic tables outdoors, and a saloon and other simple pleasures available, including a dancing platform. The entrance was on Franklin at about Greenwich, and the place occupied about half a block.

STAGE LINE WAS FIRST CONVEYANCE

In those days Black Point, now Fort Mason, appeared on the maps as Point San Jose. The first public conveyance to the district was by way of the stage

Shepard, Susan. IN THE NEIGHBORHOODS. San Francisco. Chronicle Books. 1981
(917.9461 Sh471)

6

PACIFIC HEIGHTS • MARINA COW HOLLOW

SAN FRANCISCANS GO ABSOLUTELY berserk over hills and views. They also go broke for them. A very general rule of thumb: the prettier the hill or the more spectacular the view, the higher the rent. Telegraph, Russian, and Nob Hills, Ashbury Heights and Seacliff, all cost you plenty to put out a mailbox, but the most exclusive of them all is Pacific Heights.

Together with the neighboring Marina, Cow Hollow, Presidio Heights, and Jordan Park, the area officially designated Supervisorial District Two holds more college graduates, more professionals and managers, and more families earning more than $25,000 a year than any other city district. Fewer minorities, Democrats, and liberal voters live here than elsewhere in the city. And it has been that way from the time the district grew up out of sand dunes, marshes, and willow forests in the last century.

The logical development of Presidio and Pacific Heights should have proceeded east from the Presidio after Juan Bautista de Anza claimed it in 1776. But the Spaniards preferred to lay a plank road on the steep ridge that runs along what are now Broadway and Divisadero to settle in the Mission District.

In 1836, Apolonario Miranda and his wife chose to settle not on the scenic ridge, but just below it, near a lagoon by the bay. Another Spaniard, Benito Diaz, sold this land for $1,000 to Thomas Larkin, almost as soon as Diaz himself got it. The Laguna Pequeña, or Washerwoman's Lagoon, drew settlers who appreciated clean clothes and fresh water for farming. William Hatman started a major trend in 1861 with his dairy farm, and soon the community changed its name from Spring Valley (one of the original springs still bubbles away in the courtyard of St. Mary's Episcopal Church at 2301 Union) to Cow Hollow, even though other businesses—a brewery, a tannery, and a bottler—shared the lagoon.

Cow Hollow boomed. Carriages and steam trains drew picnickers to Rudo f Herman's Harbor

View Park (now Yacht Harbor). Prominent citizens such as Frank Pixley, editor of the *Argonaut*, and William McElray moved to Cow Hollow (McElray's 1861 Octagon House at 2645 Gough is still standing and open to the public on the second and fourth Thursday afternoon of each month). Even the pollution of the lagoon by open sewage, cows, and industry failed to slow down the growth of Cow Hollow. The city simply ordered the cows out of the area forever in 1891 and put prisoners to work filling in the putrid lagoon with sand from the dunes at Lombard Street.

While Cow Hollow moved into its second phase of shopkeeping and industry in the 1890s, San Francisco's upper crust discovered Pacific Heights. The duck and dairy farms, such as the one owned by Captain Charles Gulliver in the 1860s, shared Pacific Heights with a few small Victorians in the 1870s. Jeweler J. W. Tucker built a modest Victorian housing development for working-class people between Jackson, Washington, Webster, and Buchanan Streets about the time that a cable car line came through in 1878.

Just as the cable car induced the rich to leave Rincon Hill for Nob Hill, now it lured many of them to huge Victorians in Pacific Heights. A few managed the address without benefit of the deed. Samuel W. Holladay, a wily attorney, claimed Lafayette Square, which had been declared a park in 1867, by squatting on it. No traditional squatter tents for him, though. He built a mansion, a barn, a windmill, and the state's second observatory, while successfully fighting off the city right past his death in 1915 at age 91. The city finally reclaimed the park in 1935 but had to pay $200,000 to get it.

Van Ness Avenue, five feet wider than Market Street, became the Champs Elysees of San Francisco, with plush mansions, lush landscaping, and convenient cable cars. The 1906 earthquake squashed the street's pretensions, however, when the fire department declared it a firebreak and dynamited the street. Van Ness rapidly decayed into a noisy thoroughfare and automobile-showcase row that killed the last cable car line in 1956.

Eastern Pacific Heights, like Russian and Nob Hills, sprouted luxury apartment houses, but unlike the older hills, the buildings rarely grew more than eight stories high. A few of the original Victorians remain in the area. The 1886 Haas-Lilienthal House (2007 Franklin), restored by the Foundation for Architectural Heritage, is open to the public on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons. Its grey hue was a standard house color in Victorian days.

The red sandstone Whittier Mansion, built in 1896 at 2090 Jackson for a paint store king, now houses the California Historical Society and is open to the public Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons. Germany owned the building for two months in 1941, until the United States declared war and seized it.

After the earthquake and fire, San Francisco determined to show the world "the city that refused to die," arising from the ashes like the phoenix of the city's seal in one of the grandest, most opulent fairs of all time—the Panama-Pacific Exhibition of 1915. Although the fair ostensibly celebrated the opening of the Panama Canal, it really served as San Francisco's open house, drawing more than 18 million visitors. The city filled in about 600 acres of a large marsh area right on the bay north of Cow

Paintings compete with the view of Gas House Cove outside the windows of a gallery in Fort Mason. The old army buildings now house theaters, music clubs, dance studios, and a restaurant.

Paintings compete with the view of Gas House Cove outside the windows of a gallery in Fort Mason. The old army buildings now house theaters, music clubs, dance studios, and a restaurant.

Hollow and east of the Presidio. There were built, besides the Zone amusement park, such art nouveau spectacles as the Tower of Jewels and ten exhibit halls. One San Franciscan recalled that she never saw anything so beautiful as the exhibition at night. "I thought I might as well die the night they closed it down, because I'd never see anything so wonderful again. Everyone was crying."

A new neighborhood, the Marina, took the place of the exhibit. How appropriate that the Marina Civic Improvement Association, with the subsequent financial help of Walter Johnson, saved one of the exhibition's temporary buildings, Bernard Maybeck's Palace of Fine Arts. The palace still stands by a pond in a green park at Bay and Lyon, and holds a theater and a science museum, the Exploratorium.

The Marina reflects the Mediterranean and Spanish revival architecture popular in the 1920s. Most of the low, single-family buildings sport a garage, an indication of the growing desire for automobiles. The streets break from the typical grid of the city into a curvy pattern, but they can't help the basic dullness of the undistinguished pastel houses.

Marina residents remain fiercely loyal to their very stable, upper-middle-class, white neighborhood. Linda Jue, a young native San Franciscan who lives in the Marina, explains, "There's shopping on Chestnut or Union, the Palace of Fine Arts, bike-riding in the Presidio, kite-flying on Marina Green, the bay, easy access to Marin, and lot's happening at Fort Mason."

Another resident, an Italian American woman who's lived in the Marina for fifty years, likes the stability. "It started out about 75 percent Italian, and I think it's still Italian. Young people grow up, marry and have families here [actually only percent of the Marina's population of around 20,0 is under 17 years old]. It just shows that this is n transient city. Everybody who criticizes it does

Trendy young professionals patronize the boutiques, ba and restaurants housed in restored Victorians along Unio Street in Cow Hollow.

...ple patronize the boutiques, bars, ...restored Victorians along Union ...n Cow Hollow.

...ilies here [actually only 13 ...s population of around 20,000 ...It just shows that this is not a ...ody who criticizes it doesn't

know anything, including the supervisors." She's worried about the Presidio—"We need the jobs and want the army to stay"—and about Fort Mason—"We're not pleased with Fort Mason at all. Cultural my foot. We wanted a park, not a Chinese Trade Show or the other stuff they sell there."

The older residents might be leery of Fort Mason, but others like what's happened to the old army post at Laguna and Marina. The former barracks now house the innovative Magic Theater, the Oceanic Society, four art galleries, Plowshares Coffee House, the beautiful vegetarian restaurant, Greens, as well as dozens of classes and workshops.

Marina residents fear attractions that would start a crowded boutique trend similar to that which is all too visible on Cow Hollow's Union Street. Cow Hollow always supported a commercial area on Union, but in the 1950s, the antique and gift stores began to supplant the cleaners, five-and-dimes, and grocers. Entrepreneurs appreciated the fine collection of Victorians available on the street. Old landmarks, such as the twin wedding houses at 1980 Union (so called because they were a father's identical wedding gifts to his two daughters), became refurbished restaurants and boutiques. The three hundred or so fashionable shops, bars, and restaurants on Union Street today attract enough tourists to congest the area, a problem Marina residents prefer to avoid by frequenting their own commercial street, Chestnut.

Most traffic passes through the Marina on Lombard Street, which is also Route 101. But a growing number of San Franciscans now detour through Chestnut for the fine Japanese food at Kichihei (2084 Chestnut), elegant Italian cuisine at La Pergola (2060 Chestnut), or live bluegrass music at Paul's Saloon (3251 Scott).

The view-blocking apartment houses built in the 1960s spurred Russian Hill residents to push for a forty-foot building-height limit, which they got in 1974.

The entry by the western Pacific Heights-Presidio Heights (the area adjacent to the Presidio)

Sugar King Adolph Spreckels's ostentatious French Baroque mansion fits right in with the other mansions near Lafayette Park. Spreckels also built the Palace of the Legion of Honor, in Lincoln Park.

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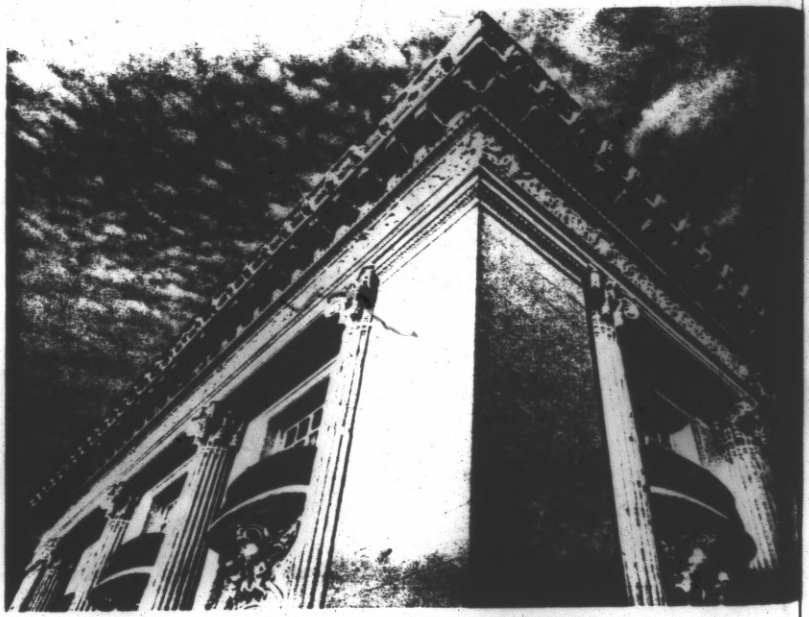

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area into the contest for the "cutesiest" shopping area is Sacramento Street. Right now the street still mixes auto repair garages and an old movie theater with high-priced gift shops and such classy restaurants as the Tuba Garden (3634 Sacramento), well-known for its lovely outdoor courtyard.

Many tourists visiting Pacific Heights skip the shopping in favor of the architecture. While some of the large mansions have only their size to commend them, many others are the work of San Francisco's best architects, including Bernard Maybeck, Willis Polk, Ernest Coxhead, and William Knowles. All these luminaries worked on a superb block of shingled houses lined up on the steep 3200 block of Pacific Avenue in the early 1900s. Works by a younger generation of architects can also be found in the area. William Wurster (250 and 301 Locust, 2560 Divisadero), Joseph Esherick (3700 Washington, 3323 Pacific), and H. T. Howard (2944 Jackson) are among the most prominent architects here.

One of the oldest houses in the area, the Italianate Casebolt House (2727 Pierce), dates back to 1865. Rowhouses of a slightly later period line up on the 2600 block of Clay Street on the southern border of Alta Plaza Park. This group may be San Francisco's most photographed cluster of Victorians. The southern side of Lafayette Park, at 2080 Washington, showcases the Adolph Spreckels mansion, a French baroque palace built in 1913 for the son of a sugar king. Later, in 1924, the architect, George Applegarth, and Spreckels built the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in Lincoln Park, a special interest of Spreckels' French wife Alma de Bretteville.

Private ownership of such enormous buildings couldn't last. Many of the old mansions now house schools or religious orders. A surprising 80 percent of Pacific Heights residents rent, rather than own, their homes. But the privileged society there still crowds opera galas, symphony openings, and ballet fund-raisers, and read about themselves in Pat Montandon's society column in the San Francisco Examiner. The debutante and her cavalier are alive and well on Pacific Heights.